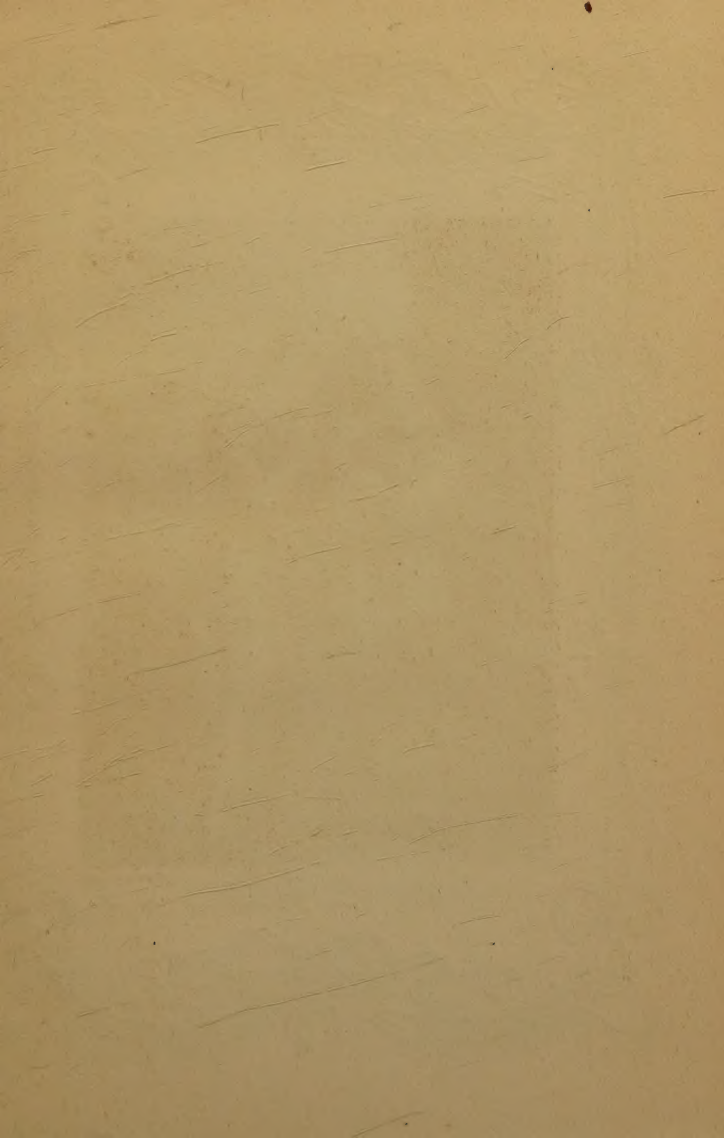




THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS



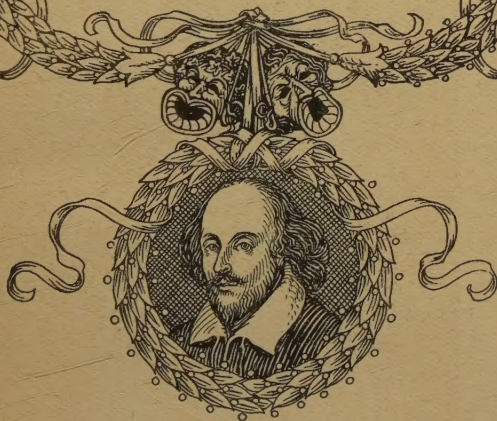


RICHTER, PINXT.

The Two Dromios.

SHAKESPEARE

THE COMEDY OF
ERRORS



1908

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LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK
TORONTO & MELBOURNE

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INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.—In this, his second play, Shakspeare seems to have determined to make a complete contrast to his first, which was almost without a plot—a mere play of conversation. He turned to the old Latin comedian Plautus, and from his *Menæchmi*¹ got a plot full of farcical action and comic business; to this he added pathos and love, and so completed his *Errors*. The old comedy has no shipwreck; it has one child lost at the games at Tarentum, whose father, of Syracuse, dies of grief. The grandfather gives the left child the name of the stolen one, Menæchmus, and lives at Syracuse. The stealer of the lost twin, who lives at Epidamnus, adopts him, marries him to a rich wife, and leaves him money. He has one slave, whom Shakspeare doubles. The

¹ Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in his *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. II., vol. i., pp. 1-42, the *Menæchmi*, translated from Plautus, by W. W. [that is, William Warner, an attorney who wrote also a long poem in 13 books, called *Albion's England*], published in 1595, but circulated in MS. before; and in Part I., vol. i., pp. 55-6, *The Story of the Two Brothers of Avignon*, from Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histoires*, 1607, p. 529. The text of the play was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. An old play *The Historie of Error* was acted before Queen Elizabeth on January 1, 1577, and January 6, 1583.

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Syracusan twin, after a search of six years, comes to Epidamnus with his servant, to ask for his brother. The twin of Epidamnus has a jealous wife; he dines with a courtesan (Erotium), who has a cook and maid; he tries to steal her mantle, and her gold bracelet which her maid had given him to get mended; the courtesan and his wife both quarrel with him; he shams mad; a doctor is brought, and carries him off as a madman. The Syracusan twin's money has to be fetcht; the slave explains the confusion, and is freed. There's a mutual recognition; the Epidamnian twin's wife, as a punishment for her impertinent jealousy, is to be sold to the highest bidder, and the twin-brothers both go to Syracuse. Shakspeare also workt-in a scene from Plautus's *Amphitruo*, in which Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, enjoys the real one's wife, Alcmena. Shakspeare got additional fun out of this story by doubling the slave; but he added to it the pathetic element of Ægeon's story and threatend death, the mother's love and suffering, and the reuniting of the family at the end of the play. He also introduced the beautiful element of the love of Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana, the first uprise of that serious tender love which was hardly ever after absent from Shakspeare's plays. Mr. Swinburne says, "What is due to Shakspeare, and to him alone, is the honour of having embroidered, on the naked old canvas of comic action, those flowers of elegiac beauty which vivify and diversify the scene of Plautus, as reproduced by the art of Shakspeare. In this light and

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lovely work of the youth of Shakspeare we find for the first time that strange and sweet admixture of farce with fancy, of lyric charm with comic effect, which recurs so often in his later work, from the date of *As You Like It* to the date of *Winter's Tale*." There's a strong link between the *Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost* in the relation of man to woman, though here it is of wife to husband, discussd in Luciana's speeches to Adriana and by the Abbess.¹ There's a pathetic background in both plays, and as we've noticed before, *Love's Labour's Lost* is a comedy of errors too. Though the finish of the *Errors* is less than that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, yet its artificiality is less too; its pathos is greater, it reaches more profound depths, and it is a better play dramatically. The link with the next play, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, is shown by Dromio's—

"Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue,"

and the frequent references to transformation into an ass. The sweetness of Luciana in dissuading her sister from jealousy, in her advice to Antipholus of Syracuse, her supposed sister's husband, in Act III. sc. ii., and "I'll fetch my sister" before she consents to her suitor's love, cannot prevent our rejoicing that her

¹ Schoolmaster Pinch is ridiculed in the *Errors*, as Schoolmaster Holofernes is in *Love's Labour's Lost*, both of them, as Prof. Raleigh says (*Shakespeare*, p. 38), probably reminiscent of the old schoolmaster whom Shakspeare knew best, at Stratford.

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doctrine of the subjection of women to men has given place to Tennyson's more generous teaching in the *Princess*, and to the later acknowledgment by all reasonable men that women must be sharers in all man's highest work, and their leaders in part of it.

Adriana, though jealous and shrewish, truly urges that her love is the cause of these qualities. Though she abuses her husband, she does not really mean it; she says her beauty'll come back if he's but kind to her again; she urges the different measure he would mete to her for adultery. Her marriage was one of duty, not of love; the Duke gave her away to the soldier of Corinth who had saved his life. This Antipholus of Ephesus was a man without father's or mother's training, and with no high purpose in life like his brother. He's a brave soldier, and has saved the Duke's life, but he has no notion of the sacredness of love or marriage. He takes his wife as the reward of his bravery, and still consorts with a courtesan. He is full of resource in confinement, and gnaws his bonds. His brother, brought up by his father, has a far higher and gentler nature. The search for his lost twin-brother has given him a purpose in life, and though he has a temper, and beats his slave too often, he reverences women, and refuses to avail himself of his chance with his unknown brother's wife. His love for Luciana is very pretty. We may note, too, his belief in witches, which would seem from the *Acts of the Apostles* to have been right at Ephesus. Of the two Dromios, the Syracusan

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seems to have been the better. He's more humorous, always merry and cool, takes his troubles better than his master, and has not his brother's indifference about a wife, an Ephesian globe of blubber and mess. The noble and pathetic figure of Ægeon forms a fine background to the play. The loss of wife and one boy, then of his second boy, his five years' search for them, seemingly to end in vain and in death, his anxiety at Ephesus, and when he's at the point of death the cruel refusal of his son to recognise him—all appeal to our hearts. But at last come peace, reunion with his loved ones, and happy days. But it is odd with what lightness Shakspeare has passed over the meeting again of Ægeon and Emilia after their long separation and suffering. If we compare it with the like scene in *Pericles* of the Fourth Period, we shall see how Shakspeare's nature had deepened in the interval. Pinch, the apothecary, introduces us to Shakspeare's catalogue of epithets shown in the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, the description of Petruchio's horse, &c. &c. The quip and crank, the word-play, ryme, doggrel, &c., of *Love's Labour's Lost* are continued here; though they are not so overdone. In my forewords to the facsimile of Quarto 1 of that play, I said, p. xi :

“ *L. L. L.* has 1,028 ryme-lines to 597 blank-verse ones, nearly twice as many—1 to '58 ; the *Errors* 380 rymes to 1,150 blank, or 1 in 3·02. *L. L. L.* has only 4 per cent. of 11-syllable lines, while the *Errors* has 12·3 per cent. *L. L. L.* has as many as 236 alternate rymes, or fours, that is, 1 in 4·78 ; while the *Errors* has only 64, or 1 in 18 lines. *L. L. L.* has 194 lines of doggrel, or 1 in every

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5·3 lines, while the *Errors* has 109, or 1 in every 10·55. *L. L. L.* has only 1 run-on line in 18·14, while the *Errors* has 1 in every 10·7. Further, *L. L. L.* has more sonnets, and more 8- and 6-line stanzas in the dialog, than the *Errors*. It is more crowded with word-play, and has far less plot."

As the plot of the *Comedy of Errors* is borrowd from a classical writer, the play preserves the three unities of time, place, and action, the first two of which were so often neglected by Shakspeare. The *Errors* takes up only one day; it is all acted in one town. On the stage it goes admirably; the acting brings out the fun of the farce, and the distinctions between the two Dromios and between their two masters. The date of the play is probably 1589-91.

It turns on the statement in Act III. sc. ii. p. 92, col. 1, Booth's reprint of the Folio, that France is "arm'd and reverted, making war against her heire." Mr. Richard Simpson, relying on the strict accuracy with which Shakspeare always uses legal terms, and especially on his use of *Héritier de France*, for Henry V. of England during Charles VI.'s life (*Henry V. V. ii. 346*)¹ contends that in the *Errors* the word "heire" must have its strict technical meaning of "person entitled to the inheritance (of the throne) after the death of its present holder." If so, the date of the play must lie between 1584 and 1589. Henry of Navarre became "heir of France" on the death of the Duke of Anjou in 1584. He was head of the

¹ His accuracy here is due only to his following Holinshed, in the 25th article of the Treaty of Troyes.

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Huguenots, and fought against his king, Henri III., till 1589, when, at this king's request, he join'd him against the League, and both laid siege to Paris. During the siege, Henri III. was assassinated, and died on August 2, 1589, after naming Henry of Navarre as his successor. Henry IV. at once became king-by-right of all France, though king-in-fact of only half of it. He had to raise the siege of Paris; but soon won the battles of Arques and Ivry; then, to gain the League, he turn'd Roman Catholic on July 25, 1593; and was receiv'd with open gates by Paris in 1594. Rouen soon follow'd; the Pope acknowledged him in 1595, and the rest of France in 1598. Now the stopt-line and other metrical tests point rather to a date of 1589-1591 for the *Errors*, than one of 1584-8. Moreover, English Protestant feeling was more stirr'd up about France after Henry IV.'s accession than before. In 1589 Elizabeth sent him £23,800 to support his rights, and in 1591 despatcht the Earl of Essex with 4,000 men to his aid, as she did other forces in 1592 and 1594. Again, Shakspeare's use of the word "reverted" in *Hamlet*, IV. vii. p. 168:—

"So that my Arrowes,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would have *reverted* to my Bow againe,
And not where I had a(i)m'd them,"

(p. 275, col. 2, rep. Booth)—

shows that he probably used it in the *Errors* in the sense of "turn'd back from its proper course," that is, (half) France in 1589-91 (and longer) turn'd back from its rightful owner or heir, Henry IV., to his rival the

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Duke of Mayence, the leader of the League. The word "heir" would then be applied by Shakspeare, as it so often is and has been by others, to the rightful claimant of the throne, kept out of his due by an opponent. Allowing our poet's great accuracy in the use of language generally, and law terms especially, we may well hold that the word "heir" was rightly applied to Henry IV. fighting for his throne, unacknowledged by Paris, by great part of France, and the whole of Roman Catholic Europe. On the whole, the year 1589 can be accepted as the date of the *Errors* by the advocates of either interpretation of the word "heir;" while probability leans rather to 1589-91 than to 1587-89.¹

The play first appeared in print in the Folio edition, 1623, and the names of the actors are printed with it. The play was mentioned by Meres in 1598; and from the *Gesta Grayorum* it is evident that Shakspeare's *Errors* was the drama played in Gray's Inn Hall on the night of Innocents' Day, December 28, 1594, perhaps after it had been performed before the Queen on the afternoon of the same day at Greenwich. (See Mrs. Stopes's articles in the *Athenæum*, 30th April, 1904, pp. 570-1, and the German Shakespeare Society's *Jahrbuch*, for 1896.)²

The entry of the payment for the Greenwich performances, contains, as Mrs. Stopes notes, the first official mention of Shakspeare's name:—

¹ From my note in *The Academy*.

² For a contemporary history of the French war, see Antony Colynet's "True History of the Civill Warres of France betweene the French King, Henry the IV., and the Leaguers, gathered from the yere of our Lord, 1585, untill this present October, 1591." London, 1591.

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“To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, servants to the Lord Chamberleyn, upon the Councelles warrant, dated at Whitehall, xv. die Marcij, 1594[-5], for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Maiestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz. upon St. Stephens daye¹ and Innocentes day,² xiii^{li}, vi^s, viii^d, and by waie of her Maiesties rewarde, vi^{li}, xiii^s, iv^d—in all, xx^{li}.”—Pipe Office, 542.

Various plants and flowers are referred to in the text of the *Comedy of Errors*, but it is impossible from them to discover the season of the play. (Ellacombe, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880-6, pp. 68-70.)

¹ December 26.

² December 28.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, <i>Duke of Ephesus.</i>	<i>A Merchant, Friend to Anti-</i>
ÆGEON, <i>a Merchant of Syracuse.</i>	<i>pholus of Syracuse.</i>
	<i>A Merchant trading with</i>
ANTIPHOLUS { <i>Twin Brothers,</i>	<i>Angelo.</i>
of Ephesus, { <i>Sons to Ægeon</i>	PINCH, <i>a Schoolmaster, and a</i>
ANTIPHOLUS { <i>and Emilia,</i>	<i>Conjuror.</i>
of Syracuse, { <i>but unknown</i>	ÆMILIA, <i>Wife to Ægeon.</i>
{ <i>to each other.</i>	ADRIANA, <i>Wife to Antipholus</i>
DROMIO of { <i>Twin Brothers,</i>	<i>of Ephesus.</i>
Ephesus, { <i>Attendants on</i>	LUCIANA, <i>her Sister.</i>
DROMIO of { <i>the two Anti-</i>	LUCE, <i>Servant to Adriana.</i>
Syracuse, { <i>pholuses.</i>	<i>A Courtesan.</i>
BALTHAZAR, <i>a Merchant.</i>	<i>Gaoler, Officers, and other</i>
ANGELO, <i>a Goldsmith.</i>	<i>Attendants.</i>

SCENE—EPHESUS

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—A Hall in the DUKE's Palace

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws :
The enmity and discord which of late

Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their
 bloods,—

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be leviéd,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks :
Therefore, by law thou art condemned to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort ; when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan ; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,

And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been
imposed

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ;
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born, and wed
Unto a woman happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy : our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrivéd where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguished but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was deliveréd

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon
We came aboard :
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscuréd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death,
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourned for fashion ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none,—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms :

To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxed calm, and we discoveréd
Two ships from far making amain to us,—
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off
so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily termed them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdenéd
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests ;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importuned me,
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retained his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him ;

Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But there must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
marked

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudgéd to the death,
And passéd sentence may not be recalled
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchánt, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial hands :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if no, then thou art doomed to die.—

Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Public Place

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here,
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. [*To Dromio S.*] Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn;

For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,

And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time :
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art returned so
soon?

Dro. E. Returned so soon! rather approached
too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I
pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday
last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come; these jests are
out of season:

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to
me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your
foolishness

And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money,

Or I shall break that merry scone of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate ;

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave,
hast thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phœnix ;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Strikes him.*]

Dro. E. What mean you, sir ? for God's sake,
hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage ;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguiséd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave :
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :

A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They 'll go or come : if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingéd fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where ?

Luc. Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved, no marvel though she
pause ;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burdened with like weight of pain,

As much or more we should ourselves complain ;

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me :

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—

Here comes your man : now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He asked me for a thousand marks in gold:

'T is dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:

'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!'
quoth he:

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!'
quoth he:

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'

'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burned;,' 'My gold!' quoth
he: .

'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him
'home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other
beating.

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master
home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marred,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That 's not my fault ; he 's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruined ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair ;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home : poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy !—fie, beat it hence !

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere,
Or else what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain :

'Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see, the jewel best enamelléd
Will lose his beauty : and though gold bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold ; and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Public Place

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
Is wandered forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

How now, sir ? is your merry humour altered ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a
word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour
since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me
hence

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
receipt,

And toldst me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou feltst I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein,
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell
me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the
teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. *[Beating him.]*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest
is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make
sport,

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
these blows long I must get a sconce for my head
and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in
my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first—for flouting me, and then,
wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten
out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither
rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir,—what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement ?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts : and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason ?

Dro. S. For two ; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, is a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved,
there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time
to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,
and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald
followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion.
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adr. S. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and
frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst
vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to
thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art thus estrangéd from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
 Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stained skin off my harlot-brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it:
 I am possessed with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live distained, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother: how the world is changed
with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my
life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our
names,

Unless it be by inspiration ?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more con-
tempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for
her theme !

What, was I married to her in my dream,
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land : O, spite of spite!

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transforméd, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 't is to an ass.

Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised?
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your
pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Before the House of Antipholus of
Ephesus

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR*

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse
us all ;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say, that I lingered with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this ?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
I know

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show :

If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick being kicked, and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an
ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray
God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear.

Ant. E. O Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a
merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing
guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft, my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an' you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from
the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] The porter for this time, sir,
and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio,
who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within.*] Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh.—
Have at you with a proverb:—Shall I set in my
staff?

Luce. [*Within.*] Have at you with another:
that's—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] If thy name be called Luce,
Luce, thou hast answered him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us
in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within.*] I thought to have asked you.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] And you said, no.

Dro. E. So ; come, help : well struck ! there was
blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake ?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard,

Luce. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down.

Luce. [*Within.*] What needs all that, and a pair
of stocks in the town ?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise ?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] By my troth, your town is
troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife ? you might have
come before.

Adr. [*Within.*] Your wife, sir knave ? go get
you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave
would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome : we
would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part
with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master : bid
them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within ; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something : I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind ;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] It seems, thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here's too much "out upon thee" ! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather ? master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone : fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so :
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me : depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ;
And about evening come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalléd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :

For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevailed. I will depart in
quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle,—
There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal :
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 't is made ;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;
For there's the house : that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour
hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some
expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in building grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness :

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false : what need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attain't ?
'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas poor women, make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again :
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress—what your name is else
I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show
not,

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak :
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field ?
Are you a god ? would you create me new ?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe :
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee and there lie ;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die :
Let Love, being light, be drownéd if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part ;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still :
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

*Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ? where runn'st
thou so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ?
am I your man, am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,
thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man ? and how besides
thyself ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to
a woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay
to your horse ; and she would have me as a beast :
not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but

that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say, Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease ; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter : if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept : for why, she sweats ; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir ; 'tis in grain : Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir ; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip : she is spherical, like a globe : I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks : I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead ; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them : but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio, swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made
me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO

Ang. Master Antipholus ?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the
chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine ;
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with
this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir : I have made it
for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

[Exit.]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell ;
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay :
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—A Public Place

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus ;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain : at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of
Ephesus*

Off. That labour may you save : see where he
comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
thou

And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year : I buy
a rope ! *[Exit.]*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to
you :

I promiséd your presence and the chain ;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chained together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present
money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :

Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have, Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain :

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me : the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come ; you know, I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where 's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no :

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none : you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do,

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had ?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee : arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,

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SCENE ONE.

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou
peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope,
-And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more
leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats : let her send it.

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we dined,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?

Looked he or red or pale? or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none : the more my
spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn
he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begged for you, he begged of
me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy
love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might
move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still :

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his
will.

He is deforméd, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

Dro. S. Here, go : the desk ! the purse ! sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell :

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel ;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands :
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well ;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls
to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested
on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose
suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested
well;

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that
can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit LUCIANA.*]—
This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were
gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never
hear.

Dro. S. O yes ; if any hour meet a sergeant, a'
turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost
thou reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more
than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the
way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Re-enter LUCIANA

Adr. Go, Dromio : there's the money, bear it
straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister ; I am pressed down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute
me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;

And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
Some offer me commodities to buy :
Even now a tailor called me in his shop
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
—What, have you quit the picture of old Adam
new-apparelled ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam dost
thou mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise,
but that Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes
in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal :
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ? why, 'tis a plain case : he that went,
like a bass-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir,
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob
and 'rests them ; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed

men, and gives them suits of durance ; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band ; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, " God give you good 'rest ! "

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may we be gone ?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark *Expedition* put forth to-night ; and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy *Delay*. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I.
And here we wander in illusions.
Some blesséd power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtesan

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain you promised me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench ; and thereof comes that the wenches say, ' God damn me,' that's as much as to say, ' God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me ? we'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoonmeat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio ?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my diamond the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's
nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise : an if you give it her

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio,
let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock : mistress,
that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promised me a chain :

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now, to hie home to his house

And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rushed into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break
away :

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end

Here comes my man : I think he brings the money.—
How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[Beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven

out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcomed home with it, when I return ; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat, and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door

Ant. E. Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and PINCH

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot ‘ Beware the rope’s end.’

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk ? *[Beats him.]*

Cour. Howsay you now ? is not your husband mad ?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight :
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distresséd soul !

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you dined at home ;

Where would you had remained until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame ;

Ant. E. Dinéd at home ! Thou, villain, what say'st thou ?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out ?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were locked, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,
and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal
scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did.—My bones bear
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to
arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I delivered it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is
possessed:

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I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in
both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company! — the fiend is strong
within him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he
looks!

*Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS of
Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus*

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou
gaoler, thou,

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I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic
too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for
you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost
thou mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? be
mad, good master ;

Cry, the devil !

Luc. God help, poor souls ! how idly do they
talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. E.*
and DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose
again.

The Comedy of Errors

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call
more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us !
[*Exeunt* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan,
and Officer.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran
from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff
from thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will
surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair,
give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle
nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to
stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

The Comedy of Errors

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—Before an Abbey

Enter Merchant and ANGELO

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of
Syracuse*

Ang. 'T is so ; and that self chain about his
neck,

Which he forswore most monstrously to have
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny

The Comedy of Errors

This chain, which now you wear so openly :
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me : can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think, I had : I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine thou know'st did hear
thee.

Fie on thee, wretch, 't is pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others

Adr. Hold ! hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is
mad.—

Some get within him, take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake take
a house !

This is some priory ;—in, or we 're spoiled.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Abbey.*]

Enter the Abbess

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was ;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?

Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love,
A sin prevailing much in youthful men
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it :

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was
mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,—

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauced with thy up-
braidings,—

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred,

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hindered by thy
brawls,—

The Comedy of Errors

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull-eyed meláncoly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at their heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and
wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No ; not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither : he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

The Comedy of Errors

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approvéd means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband
here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart : thou shalt not have
him. [Exit.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go : I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five :
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come ; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended ; ÆGEON bareheaded ; with
the Headsman and other Officers*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the
abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady :
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street—
With him his bondman all as mad as he—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of
him,

And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy com-
mand,

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for
help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my
wars,

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

The Comedy of Errors

Enter a Servant

Serv. O mistress, mistress! shift and save your self.

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of
fire ;

And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool ! thy master and his man are
here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

[Cry within.]

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress : fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing. Guard
with halberds !

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness you,

The Comedy of Errors

That he is borne about invisible :
Even now we housed him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke ! O, grant
me justice,

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me
dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio !

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there !

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife
That hath abuséd and dishonoured me
Even in the strength and height of injury.

Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me
just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,

But she tells to your Highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviséd what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman locked me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not ; for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats ; he with none returned.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates ; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possessed. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gained my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him,

That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord ; and when he ran in
here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of
mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you 're come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,
As this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this !
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been ;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly ;—
You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the
Porpentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatched
that ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege ; this ring I had of
her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the
abbess hither.—

I think you all are mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word.

Haply, I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus,
And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman,
sir ;

But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords :
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me, since you saw me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deform'd hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity,
Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grain'd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,

Can witness with me that it is not so.

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse
—and DROMIO of Syracuse*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wronged. [All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive
me!

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the
other:—

And so of these! Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio : pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master ! Who hath bound
him here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.

If thou art she,—tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up :

But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them

And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

What then became of them, I cannot tell :

I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea ;—

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I : I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart : I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renownéd uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No ; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I ; yet did she call me so ;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother.—What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good.

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir : I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir : I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio ; but I think, he brought it not

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from
you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need. Thy father hath his
life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for
my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discourséd all our fortunes ;

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathizéd one day's Error

Have suffered wrong, go keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour

My heavy burden ne'er deliveréd.—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast and joy with me :
After so long grief such festivity !

Duke. With all my heart : I'll gossip at this
feast.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtesan,
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embarked ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master,
Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there ; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S., ANT. E., ADR., and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchened me for you to-day at dinner :

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother :

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That 's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior : till
then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus :

We came into the world like brother and brother ;
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. ii. p. 28. **The almanac of my true date.**—Dromio, whom he takes for Dromio of Syracuse, having been born “that very hour” as himself (cf. “*And you the calendars of their nativity.* V. i p. 107).

II. i. p. 37. **The jewel best enamelled, &c.**—A passage that has been very variously read and emended; the most satisfactory rendering is obtained by leaving the text as it stands, when it may be paraphrased: “I see that the best enamelled jewel (the wife) loses his (its) beauty, but the gold setting (the husband) does not show the signs of wear (though constant *touching* [assaying] will wear gold); so a man of good reputation may be faithless and corrupt in his private life and yet suffer no public shame.”

II. ii. p. 39. **Make a common, &c.**—“Make my hours of business a time for anyone to jest with me.”

II. ii. p. 41. **Fine and recovery.**—Legal processes whereby (according to Ritson) an entailed estate was converted to an absolute ownership.

II. ii. p. 44. **I live distained, thou undishonoured.**—Folios read *distained*, “stained,” and Delius interprets the original text, “I, as wife, receive the stains of your present conduct, while you, as husband, suffer no dishonour”; but most modern editors have substituted *unstained*, and take the passage to mean—“that I who share your life may live untainted, as you undishonoured, by faithlessness on your part.”

II. ii. p. 46. **Put the finger in the eye and weep—***i.e.* foolishly, after the manner of children.

III. i. p. 51. **When? Can you tell?**—A proverbial phrase used to parry troublesome questions.

III. i. p. 53. **Bought and sold.**—Fooled by malicious trickery.

III. ii. p. 60. **Sir-reverence.**—A common corruption of "save your reverence," used as an apologetic introduction to anything indecorous.

III. ii. p. 61. **Armed and reverted, &c.**—An allusion to the war of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III. of France, to whose aid Elizabeth sent a force of 4,000 men under Essex in 1589 (see Introduction). Second Folio substituted *hair*, but the play upon words is required for the sake of the allusion.

III. ii. p. 62. **Turn i' the wheel.**—A wheel attached to the spit, in which was a dog who turned it by his own weight.

IV. i. p. 66. **I buy a thousand pound a year : I buy a rope.**—Halliwell's comparison with 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. p. 65 :—

"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself"

suggests the most plausible interpretation of this passage, namely, that the rope being the instrument of revenge is worth a large income to him.

IV. i. p. 70. **Dowsabel.**—A poetic name derived from the French *dulcibella* and used commonly in Elizabeth's time for "sweetheart," "lady-love," here applied ironically.

IV. ii. p. 71. **Hearts' meteors.**—An allusion to the flaming and contending colours of the aurora borealis, likened to the rising and receding of colour in the face under emotion.

IV. ii. p. 72. **Fairy.**—Altered in most modern editions to *fury*, but Shakspeare's frequent allusions to evil *fairies* (e.g. *Hamlet* I. i. p. 39) justify its retention in the text.

IV. ii. p. 72. **Runs counter.**—Follows the scent backward on the trail; with a play on *Counter*, the name of a London prison.

Notes

IV. ii. p. 72. **Draws dry foot.**—Tracks by scent of the foot.

IV. ii. p. 73. **Before the judgment.**—Before trial, confines his prisoners in the worst dungeons of the prison (known as *hell*).

IV. ii. p. 73. **Case.**—Used playfully in apposition to *matter*, but probably also “an action on the case is a general action given for the redress of a wrong . . . not specially provided for by law” (Grey).

IV. iii. p. 75. **Lapland sorcerers.**—Shakspeare’s only reference to Lapland sorcerers. Milton refers to “Lapland witches,” and Marlowe to “Lapland giants”; many legends of witchcraft connected with Lapland were current at the period.

IV. iii. p. 75. **What, have you quit the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?**—*The picture of old Adam*, the sergeant, who was “in buff” (an old slang phrase for “bare,” “naked”). It has been ingeniously suggested that *new-apparelled* means “procured him a new suit,” i.e. got rid of him. The phrase is an elaborate circumlocution for “Have you got rid of the sergeant?”

IV. iii. p. 77. **Mend our dinner.**—Buy more food for our dinner.

IV. iii. p. 77. **“He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.”**—A popular proverb of the day.

IV. iii. p. 78. **“Fly pride.”**—A proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating.

IV. iv. p. 81. **The prophecy like the parrot.**—In allusion to the custom of teaching abusive and warning phrases to parrots. The Cambridge editors suggest the substitution of *prospice funem* for “the prophecy,” and that the passage should read—

“or, rather, ‘*prospice funem*,’ beware the rope’s end.

Ant. of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?”

V. i. p. 88. **His word might bear my wealth.**—His bare word would be sufficient for credit to the extent of my wealth.

Notes

V. i. p. 102. **A little use to hear.**—Still a little sense of hearing.

V. i. p. 106. **Thirty-three years.**—Theobald proposed, and many editors have followed him in changing *thirty-three* to “twenty-five,” calculating the ages of the twins by adding the eighteen years mentioned by Ægeon in Act I. i. p. 24 to the seven referred to in Act V. p. 103, but the Duke’s statement that he has been patron to Antipholus for *twenty years* (V. p. 103) conflicts with this reading.

V. i. p. 107. **And you the calendars of their nativity.**—*i.e.* the two Dromios (cf. “*The almanac of my true date*” I. ii. p. 28).

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY



GLOSSARY

- Advised:** deliberate, careful. V. i. p. 98.
- Albeit:** although. V. i. p. 98.
- Amain:** with all speed. I. i. p. 13.
- Anatomy:** skeleton. V. i. p. 99.
- Angel:** an English coin, worth about ten shillings. IV. iii. p. 76.
- Apparently:** obviously. IV. i. p. 69.
- Armadoes:** armadas. III. ii. p. 61.
- A-row:** one after another. V. i. p. 96.
- Assured:** engaged. III. ii. p. 62.
- Attach:** arrest. IV. i. p. 79.
- Attaint:** disgrace. III. ii. p. 56.
- Austerely:** seriously. IV. ii. p. 70.
- Back-friend:** a secret enemy, applied to the bailiff who comes from behind to make an arrest. IV. ii. p. 72.
- Ballast:** ballasted, loaded. III. ii. p. 61.
- Band:** bond (used punningly). IV. ii. p. 73.
- Bankrout:** bankrupt. IV. ii. p. 74.
- Beads:** rosary. II. ii. p. 46.
- Bear:** command. V. i. p. 88.
- Become:** make becoming. III. ii. p. 56.
- Bestowed:** deposited. I. ii. p. 29.
- Bestrid:** stood astride over. V. i. p. 97.
- Board:** table. III. ii. p. 56.
- Carcanet:** necklace. III. i. p. 48.
- Careful:** full of care. V. i. p. 102.
- Carracks:** large merchant vessels. III. ii. p. 61.
- Carriage:** bearing, manner. III. ii. p. 56.
- Carved:** behaved affably and affectionately. II. ii. p. 42.
- Cates:** dainties. III. i. p. 49.
- Charged:** gave into his charge. III. i. p. 48.
- Chargeful:** expensive. IV. i. p. 66.
- Circumstance:** detail. V. i. p. 88.
- Claim:** "my heaven's —," all that I ask of Heaven hereafter. III. ii. p. 58.
- Clean:** entirely. I. i. p. 25.
- Coil:** tumult. III. i. p. 51.
- Coldly:** coolly, collectedly. V. i. p. 100.
- Compact of credit:** full of credulity. III. ii. p. 57.
- Companion:** (used ironically) rascally fellow. IV. iv. p. 82.
- Conceit:** understanding. III. ii. p. 57; apprehension. IV. ii. p. 74.
- Confiscate:** confiscated. I. i. p. 20.
- Confounds:** destroys. I. ii. p. 28.
- Confusion:** ruin. II. ii. p. 45.
- Consort:** keep company with. I. ii. p. 27.
- Copy:** theme, subject. V. i. p. 91.
- Countermands:** stops one passing through. IV. ii. p. 72.
- Cozenage:** cheating. I. ii. p. 30.
- Curtail:** with a docked tail. III. ii. p. 62.
- Customers:** guests (used contemptuously). IV. iv. p. 82.
- Cuts:** lots; by means of slips of paper cut into unequal lengths. V. i. p. 108.

Glossary

- Dankish:** damp, mouldy. V. i. p. 99.
- Debted:** indebted. IV. i. p. 66.
- Deciphers:** distinguishes. V. i. p. 103.
- Decline:** incline. III. ii. p. 57.
- Declining:** inclining. III. ii. p. 61.
- Defeatures:** disfigurements. II. i. p. 36; V. i. p. 102.
- Deformed:** deforming. V. i. p. 102.
- Demean:** conduct. IV. iii. p. 78.
- Detain:** withhold. II. i. p. 37.
- Dilate:** narrate. I. i. p. 24.
- Disannul:** annul. I. i. p. 25.
- Discharged:** paid. IV. i. p. 66.
- Dispense:** bear. II. i. p. 36.
- Dispose:** disposal. I. i. p. 20.
- Distemperatures:** distempers. V. i. p. 92.
- Distract:** distracted. IV. iii. p. 76.
- Diviner:** sorceress. III. ii. p. 62.
- Dry:** severe. II. ii. p. 40.
- Durance:** "suits of —," "everlasting garments" (*see text*, IV. ii. p. 72). IV. ii. p. 76.
- Ecstasy:** madness, frenzy. IV. iv. p. 81.
- Excrement:** outgrowth, here used for hair. II. ii. p. 41.
- Exempt:** separated. II. ii. p. 45.
- Fair:** beauty. II. i. p. 36.
- Fall:** let fall. II. ii. p. 43.
- Falsing:** deluding, falsifying. II. ii. p. 41.
- Fob:** tap, misprinted "sob" in Fol. I. IV. iii. p. 75.
- Folded:** hidden. III. ii. p. 57.
- Fond:** doting. II. i. p. 37.
- Fondly:** foolishly. IV. ii. p. 74.
- Fool-begged:** foolishly called for. II. i. p. 33.
- Formal:** ordinary, normal. V. i. p. 93.
- Forswore to have:** denied having. V. i. p. 88.
- Forth:** "to find —," to seek out. I. ii. p. 27; away from home. II. ii. p. 47.
- Fraughtage:** freight. IV. i. p. 69.
- Genius:** guardian spirit. V. i. p. 103.
- Get within him:** get at close quarters with him. V. i. p. 89.
- Gilders:** money in general; properly a Dutch coin value about two shillings. I. i. p. 20.
- Gossip:** make merry. V. i. p. 112.
- Gossips' feast:** sponsors' or baptismal feast. V. i. p. 112.
- Grain:** "in —," ingrained. III. ii. p. 60.
- Grained:** furrowed, lined (like the grain of wood). V. i. p. 103.
- Growing:** accruing. IV. i. p. 65.
- Hap:** good fortune. I. i. p. 24.
- Harlots:** lewd fellows. V. i. p. 98.
- Hatch:** half-door. III. i. p. 50.
- Healthful:** salutary, advantageous. I. i. p. 24.
- Helpless:** useless. II. i. p. 33.
- His:** its. II. i. p. 37.
- Hit of:** hit upon, guess. III. ii. p. 57.
- Holp:** helped. IV. i. p. 66.
- Horn-mad:** like a mad bull; generally used in allusion to cuckoldry. II. i. p. 34.
- Host:** lodge. I. ii. p. 26.
- Hoy:** a small passenger sailing vessel. IV. iii. p. 76.
- Impeach:** charge, impeachment. V. i. p. 100.
- Important:** importunate. V. i. p. 94.
- Instance:** indication. I. i. p. 22.
- Intestine:** internal. I. i. p. 20.
- Jest upon:** trifle with. II. ii. p. 39.
- Kitchened:** entertained in the kitchen. V. i. p. 107.
- Lashed:** used for 'whipped' in allusion to 'bridled,' and 'secured with cords' in allusion to 'bound.' II. i. p. 32.
- Lets:** hinders. II. i. p. 36.

Glossary

- Liberties of sin:** licensed sinners, their occupations being permitted. I. ii. p. 31.
- Light:** wanton (used equivocally). IV. iii. p. 77.
- Love springs:** young shoots of love. III. ii. p. 56.
- Luce:** a pun on *Esox lucius*—a pike (fish). III. i. p. 51.
- Mace:** a sergeant's club. IV. iii. p. 76.
- Made:** fastened. III. i. p. 54.
- Making:** outward appearance. IV. ii. p. 71.
- Malt-horse:** draught-horse, for heavy work. III. i. p. 50.
- Mated:** used quibblingly for 'confounded' and 'given as a mate.' III. ii. p. 58; V. i. p. 101.
- Mermaid:** siren. III. ii. p. 57.
- Mickle:** much. III. i. p. 49.
- Minion:** favourite, darling (used contemptuously). IV. iv. p. 82.
- Mome:** dolt, block-head. III. i. p. 50.
- Mood:** anger, rage. II. ii. p. 45.
- Morris - pike:** Moorish spear. IV. iii. p. 76.
- Mortal:** deadly. I. i. p. 20.
- Motions:** solicitations. I. i. p. 22.
- Moves:** appeals to me. II. ii. p. 45.
- Nature:** natural affection. I. i. p. 21.
- Nicks:** clips, alluding to the old custom of shaving or *nick*ing the head of a professional fool. V. i. p. 96.
- O'er-raught:** over-reached, cheated. I. ii. p. 30.
- Once this:** let this be granted. III. i. p. 54.
- Order:** measures. V. i. p. 95.
- Other:** "no — cause," no cause to be otherwise. II. i. p. 33.
- Packed:** leagued. V. i. p. 98.
- Parcel:** part. V. i. p. 93.
- Part:** depart. III. i. p. 52.
- Passage:** "in the stirring —" among the numerous passers-by. III. i. p. 54.
- Patch:** fool, jester; in allusion to the motley worn by professional fools. III. i. p. 50.
- Peasant:** servant. V. i. p. 99.
- Peevish:** foolish. IV. i. p. 69.
- Penitent:** doing penance. I. ii. p. 28.
- Perdy:** *Par Dieu!* By God! IV. iv. p. 82.
- Peruse:** observe. I. ii. p. 26.
- Plainings:** complainings, wallings. I. i. p. 22.
- Please:** pay. IV. iv. p. 81.
- Porpentine:** porcupine. III. i. p. 55.
- Post:** post-haste. I. ii. p. 29.
- Post:** quibbling allusion to the *post* in taverns on which the customers' scores were chalked up. I. ii. p. 29.
- Presently:** immediately. III. ii. p. 62.
- Quit:** remit. I. i. p. 20.
- Rag:** particle. IV. iv. p. 83.
- Rest:** "sets up his —," "stakes his all." IV. iii. p. 76.
- Reverted:** turned back, revolted. III. ii. p. 61. (*See Notes.*)
- Road:** harbour. III. ii. p. 62.
- Round:** plain-spoken, with a play upon the meaning, 'spherical.' II. i. p. 35.
- Sconce:** properly a fortification, applied also to the head. I. ii. p. 30; II. ii. pp. 39 and 41.
- Season:** "to —," at the seasonable, due time. IV. ii. p. 74.
- Sere:** withered. IV. ii. p. 71.
- Shapeless:** unshapely. IV. ii. p. 71.
- Shrive:** confess. II. ii. p. 46.
- Sinking-ripe:** ready to sink. I. i. p. 22.
- Soon:** about. I. ii. p. 27.
- Soothe:** humour. IV. iv. p. 83.
- Sorry:** pitiable. V. i. p. 93.
- Sot:** blockhead. II. ii. p. 46.
- Spite:** grievance. IV. ii. p. 71.
- Stale:** make-shift, second-best. II. i. p. 36.
- Stands upon:** affects. IV. i. p. 68.

Glossary

- Stigmatical:** "— in making," disfigured by bodily deformity. IV. ii. p. 71.
- Stomach:** appetite. I. ii. p. 28.
- Strayed:** led away. V. i. p. 90.
- Strong:** violently effected. V. i. p. 95.
- Stuff:** baggage. IV. iv. p. 87.
- Suspect:** suspicion. III. i. p. 54.
- Sympathised error:** the error through which we have all suffered. V. i. p. 106.
- Take:** take sanctuary in. V. i. p. 89.
- Tartar limbo:** prison. *Limbo*, the borders of *Tartarus* (hell); used jocularly for prison. IV. ii. p. 72.
- Timely:** speedy. I. i. p. 25.
- Tiring:** dressing, attiring. II. ii. p. 41.
- Train:** entice. III. ii. p. 57.
- Understand:** used quibblingly for 'stand under' as well as 'comprehend.' II. i. p. 34.
- Ungalled estimation:** unblemished reputation. III. i. p. 54.
- Untuned:** discordant. V. i. p. 102.
- Vain:** glib. III. ii. p. 57.
- Villain:** used playfully for 'rogue.' I. ii. p. 27.
- Vulgar:** public. III. i. p. 54.
- Waftage:** passage. IV. i. p. 69.
- Wafts:** beckons. II. ii. p. 42.
- Well-advised:** in possession of my senses. II. ii. p. 47.
- Whenas:** when. IV. iv. p. 86.
- Wink:** be blind. III. ii. p. 58.
- Wont:** is wont (to bear). IV. iv. p. 81.



S0-CDL-627

